

THE MANIFESTO

OCTOBER, 1896.

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS

OF EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

BY

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Books & Papers.

The September number of FRANK LADY'S POPULAR MONTHLY, just out, is a brilliant one. It is impossible to even mention all of its special features. A few of these are: "Colonial Bumps and their Daughters," by Sally Nelson Holmes, of the Virginia Historical Society, illustrated with many old portraits; the second paper of Colonel Garnett's description of General Lee's part in the battle of Gettysburg, forming the eighth article in the POPULAR MONTHLY's great Lee Series; "A staff Officer's Recollections of General Lee," by Colonel M. V. Moore; "The U. S. Light House Establishment," by Joanna E. Nicholls, describing the buildings, vessels and lamps in our waters, and their maintenance, liberally illustrated; "The Naveberg of the Master-slaves," by George Willis Bardwell, with seventeen pictures; "The War in Cuba," by Frederick A. Ober, giving an account of the battles and progress of the struggle for independence with portraits, battle scenes, etc.; "Signaling on the Battle-field," showing how messages are transmitted during an engagement. Then there are a number of short stories and poems, the conclusion of a serial, an attractive young folks' department, and other features.—*Frank Lady's Publishing House, New York.*

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIENOTHERAPY for August has the seventh chapter of "The Science of Life," by Dr. Gifford and this treats of the wonderful state of sleep which is termed the third ability in life. "The Science of Phrenology," by Ella Young M. D. "Anti Vaccination" receives the attention of A. J. Clausen, Ph. D. "Phrenological sketches of Major Wm. McKinley and Wm. J. Bryan," by Ella Young, M. D. will be studied with interest. Other articles will also claim attention. Published by Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

THE PULPIT for August has "The Effects of Atheism and Agnosticism" by Rev. J. B. Haw-
thorne, "The Fool" by Rev. Frank DeWitt Tal-
mage, "Praise vs. Flattery" by Rev. S. L.
Krebs, "Christian Position of Women" by
Rev. Wm. H. Leavell, "The Influence of Jesus
Christ in Civilization," by Rev. N. D. Hillis.
"The Parable of the Impossible," by Rev.
George M. Stone. Published by G. Holzappel,
Fredericksburg, Pa.

THE OUTLOOK for August 25th has several
articles beautifully illustrated. The first
written by Col. Frederick D. Grant, has inter-
esting references to Li Hung Chang and
General Grant with some six illustrations.
"Mr. Moody and Northfield" by R. W. Wells—
Pepico of St. Paul's London has nine illus-
trations. "The Higher Life of St. Louis," by Rev.
John Snyder has twenty-five illustrations.

"The Institutional Church" by Rufus E. Wil-
son has eleven illustrations. (\$3 a year.) The
Outlook Co. 13 Astor Place, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for Sept. pro-
duces the Photographs of Hon. Wm. J. Bryan
and Hon. Arthur D. Hall whom Prof. Brier
has kindly and carefully presented to the
readers of the Journal. "Phrenotypes and other
views" is a lesson of instruction and no less
"Phrenology and Psychology" by John W.
Shull. From the study of such articles, comes
an appreciation of their value. An interest-
ing reminiscence of Bayard Taylor. Then we
have "Temperament in Hand Writing," by H.
S. Drayton M. D. Several other articles will
claim the attention of the reader but the il-
lustrated article on "Child Culture" will find
many interested readers and thoughtful ex-
aminers. Following this comes Table Ma-
gnets, for Children; The Science of Health, &c.,
&c. Fowler & Wells Co., 21 East 51st St. New
York City, N. Y.

Ian MacLaren's new short story, the last he
will write until after his American visit, has
been secured by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
for publication in the October and November
issues. It is called "The Minister of St.
Bede's" is said to be in the brightest and
cleverest MacLarenesque vein. Besides its
charm as a delightful romance, the story is
said to be notable for the admirable character
that the author has created for the chief per-
sonage—the minister of St. Bede's, as a loyal
lover of an humble Scotch lassie.

Every one knows of the Young Men's Chris-
tian Association; few know the circumstances
of its origin and the magnitude of its work to-
day. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES is enlighten-
ing its readers in this matter, from authorita-
tive sources. First, an article by Sir George
Williams, the English founder of the Y. M. C. A.,
told of its inception in the world; another ar-
ticle, by the secretary of Foreign Department,
told of the Association's work around the
world. Subsequent articles will take up other
branches of the ever-spreading work, includ-
ing the progress it is making among railroad
men.

JOHN D. WATTELES & CO.
191 Walnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PENTATEUCH, its origin and authorship
by H. L. Hastings, editor of The Christian.
This little work of eighty-four pages abounds
in useful information. Those interested in
the study of the Bible will be much better in-
formed by a careful perusal of this pointed in-
vestigation on the Higher criticism. It is
sometimes amusing to see how nice these
worldly wise men are illustrating the Scrip-
tures. "The claims of these critics," says Dr.
Hastings, "are astounding, but the testimony
of these experts needs to be tested before we
can believe in their ability."

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 10.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

Notes Referring to the Early History of the Shakers in the United States.

No. 4.

SUBSEQUENTLY Father James said, "It is my desire that whenever you are in a room or open a door where people are kneeling that you kneel with them and not wait for them to rise.

Mother Ann taught us to be devoted while in the worship of God. "Labor, when you have a privilege to worship God, to gather of the substance and power of the gospel. When I set out to seek the Lord I gave my whole soul and body to labor for the saving power of God." Mother and the Elders would often repeat, "Holiness becometh God's house forever." I never saw a spirit gift pass unnoticed by Mother.

She taught us to look cheerful and be pleasant, that it was not good to be of a sad countenance. She would say, "Be solemn, yet joyful; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." Mother always looked pleasant, and when administering a reproof she wore a sweet and heavenly smile.

On one of my visits to the Square House, Mother met me at the door and taking hold of my hand walked with me into several of the rooms, and then into the one where the family was assembled in worship. She spoke not a word, but went to the south door of the Square House and extending her arms to the the south west, she said, "The next opening of the gospel will be in the south west."

Father James who was present said, "I hear the angels singing." Mother asked, "Where do you hear it?" Father James replied, "I hear it in the south west and sometimes it seems very near."

At one time when on my way home with one of my companions, we stopped to pick some whortle berries. Mother sent word to us not to pick them on land not owned by Believers, unless we asked permission. When any one presented Mother, or any of the Elders with any gift, they would manifest great respect and gratitude.

Father James would sometimes pray aloud, when young believers were present, and I supposed it was to teach them to pray and give thanks to God. He seemed to take great delight in the way of God, especially when he could see those who were young growing in spiritual grace.

I never saw Mother Ann under any violent operations of the power of God; she seemed to possess within herself an inexhaustible fountain of that power which she would often communicate to a whole assembly, by singing and gently speaking a few words. Fathers, William and James used to labor in the worship with great power and zeal and administer gifts to others, but Mother Ann's presence, the sound of her voice, or the movement of her hands when under the immediate influence of the Spirit of God, was far more powerful than the united gifts of all others. She was the supporter of their gifts and the center of their influence.

By Jonathan Clark.

The first year that I lived at Watervliet, N. Y., we suffered for the want of food as money was very scarce, and the Believers were counselled not to run in debt. Our subsistence was largely on rice and milk. Sometimes we would go to the river and catch some fish and for several months this was the only kind of meat we were able to procure. Flour was very expensive and we used but little for the making of bread.

Our work of planting, haying and sowing of grain was very laborious and through the scarcity of food we became very much emaciated. On the Sabbath our meals were extremely light. Sometimes it was only a bowl of thin porridge and a small piece of cake. When our potatoes had matured sufficiently for the table they were roasted and eaten with milk, and we began to fare better. In this same year there was a famine near Lake George, and the citizens of Albany sent a large donation of flour, grain, beef, pork and other articles of food to the sufferers. Myself and another brother were hired to transport the food to Crown Point. While on the way we called at a small house to obtain some refreshments. We soon learned that a lady and three children were the occupants, and on making known our business, she told us she had not a mouthful of bread, or meat, or potatoes in her house and had not seen any for some months.

When we asked her what she lived upon she replied, that when the brier-

vines began to grow in the spring she gathered the leaves and boiled them and then ate them with milk.

We passed on and soon reached our destination. On our return we purchased some grain and some flour for the Believers which was the first that had been purchased during the season. So soon as our crops were harvested we were able to make sales and purchase articles for our own use. God smiled on our labor and the Society began to prosper in temporal and spiritual blessings.

Father Joseph Meacham encouraged the Believers to bear their sufferings patiently and to remember that they were engaged in a work for the redemption of souls.

(To be continued.)

THE EMANCIPATION.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

IF you find that fear, sorrow, sickness or pain is standing in your path, and your peace has departed,—then seek some retired place, and try to gain perfect silence of spirit, soul and body. Endeavor to consider yourself in the presence of the Father. Do not ruminate, speculate, or even reason, only think that you are waiting for restful relieving. Try to penetrate more into the inmost recesses of your being. While you do this try to remain in perfectly passive resignation, without excitement of any kind. Leave for the time, all emotions of sorrow, joy, hope or despair.

When you have reached this Divine Inmost of your being, you will gradually discover the Kingdom of Heaven within you, that Jesus referred to and which he said consisted of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. You will find that the windows of this silent kingdom, open to the Infinite and Eternal; not lovely, but Love itself; not peaceful, but Peace itself. You will find that you have discovered the celestial solitude spoken of by the Judean Shepherd, when he sang,—“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.” You will also find that “Because thou hast made the Lord, (which is my refuge) thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.”

Whereas you may have been driven this way and that, by effects, and the fluctuations of your environment, here you will find yourself in the calm region of causes, and for the moment, you will find that your troubles have departed and a serene peace has come over you. You will exclaim with the poet,—

“I will abide in this region serene,
With Christ to commune by the rivers of Peace,

Where bloom the rich flowers of loveliest sheen,—
And sorrow forever shall cease."

While you can maintain this sweet communion, you shall bid all sorrow, sickness and fear to depart and they will obey you. You shall speak the word and it is done; you shall command, and it shall stand fast. But now you will ask, can all this be done at one sitting?—I tell you nay,—nor by a hundred. But by faith and perseverance, it all can be effectually accomplished. If it be possible to attain, is that not enough? Give it a trial. But you must bring every desire into passive resignation to the All Good. To indulge in anything that contradicts your sense of propriety or reason, in thought word or deed, will be fatal to success. All day and all night, must your intentions be to subserve your interest, elevation and betterment. To drink whiskey, take morphine, or indulge in lustful pleasure, will destroy every possible chance of reaching that rest in God, which in the days of adversity you so much long for. Gluttony, anger, jealousy, revenge or impatience, will effectually close the door into this Divine Inmost which Jesus exhorted us to seek. But if you persevere, these will all gradually drop out of your life and depart, leaving you in possession of everlasting peace. Go into this holy Silence and pure stillness say twice a day and remain under the Divine afflatus, say half an hour at one time. Keep it up, do not flinch nor yield to discouragement on account of poor, or slow results, and in process of time you will surely reap if you faint not.

I have thus written from the sincerest sympathy with any and all of my fellow-beings, whether friends or foes, and I shall be glad if it may do any of them good.

Union Village, O.

[*In memory of Sister Emily Offord.*]

REST IN PEACE.

By Florence A. Staples.

STRUGGLING? ah the strife is ended,
And there rests a radiant bow
O'er the spirit that has found a glad release;
And upon the breath of stillness,
Floats there an enchanting song;
'Tis the rich enrapturing melody of peace.

Through the bright and pearly portals,
Leading from death unto life;
Golden gates by God's great mercy set ajar;
Through the valley dimmed with shadows,
Hath a risen spirit passed,
To the land of souls which lieth not afar.

Not afar, our eyes now blinded
By the scenes of time and sense,
Soon the glory of that blissful land shall see;
And our ears dulled by the discords,
Of inharmony and strife,
There shall list the chords of angel harmony.
As the flowers upturn to sunlight,
In expectant attitude;
Or the lifting of the mists from hill and lea,
As the rushing of the streamlets,
Coursing towards their native source,
There to mingle with the waters of the sea,
Turns the spirit ever homeward,
Towards its origin divine;
Homeward from conflicting scenes of earth below,
Where the vision in the valley,
And the faith is turned to sight;
There far grander possibilities to know.
In a life of endless progress,
Will the souls unfoldment be;
Love divine the vital energy supplies,
While material forms uprising,
Reach their Zenith, yield to death,
Still the spirit hath a growth which never dies.
Deathless sing the rolling ages,
In their ceaseless, ceaseless rounds;
Spirit force the vast immensity infills,
And the grasses, and the leaflets,
And the rocks attest the truth,
Graven on the brow of the eternal hills.
Life immortal is crowned victor;
By the gate of pearls she stands
With the trophies of her conquests nobly won,
Though the perishing is smitten,
Yet the grave hath brought no sting,
For the strife is ended and the race well run.
Light, O loved one, greets thy vision
Of a fair eternal day,
Nearer, nearer drew the bright angelic band;
And, as round the night damps settled,
And we bade thee a good night,
Angels bade thee welcome in the Morning Land.
Canaan, N. Y.

OUR MOTHER IS COMING.

By Julia Russell.

HARK! list to music in the distance now pealing;
 All hail! comes the echo in accents most sweet;
 Be glad O ye people, 'tis your day of rejoicing,
 A Mother is coming her children to greet—
 With the soul-cheering message, not *one* is forgotten,
 Your prayers have been heard by our Father above;
 And your names are enrolled in the Archives of Heaven
 As Daughters and Sons of my favor and love.
 Stand ye fast in the faith which will finally anchor
 Your souls beyond doubting, earth's trial and pain;
 You remember through suffering I purchased my freedom
 From bands more oppressive than slavery's chain.
 Though the struggle was long, yet I fully determined
 The foes of my household to conquer and slay;
 Incessant in prayer through the fiercest of conflict,
 Sought only the courage my faith to obey.
 Despised and forsaken of friends once the dearest;
 I drank my lone cup, meekly blessing the rod;
 E'en when life was endangered by cruel designers,
 I feared not their anger, my trust was in God
 Who had thus far been leading me safe through the mazes;
 At times filled my soul with a glory divine;
 Which ope'd to my vision a grandeur supernal;
 An earnest of Heaven when the triumph was mine.
 Thus my work well accomplished; and true to my mission;
 Ordained as a Savior, my purpose should be
 To herald the truth that on earth, had been given
 The power of salvation all souls to set free.
 This day bear me witness, who know the full blessing
 Of the pure testimony I sought for and gained;
 Unfurl the bright banner where all may behold it
 That no longer in darkness and error they reign.
 Pray often for those in the broad fields of labor
 Attacking the strongholds of misery and sin;
 Their cause is all worthy their efforts most blessed,
 Unyielding their purpose they surely shall win.
 Then instead of the bramble shall spring up the fir-tree,
 The waste places smile in their beauty and mirth
 And the nations shall turn unto God their Creator
 His house be an honor and praise in the earth.

Enfield, N. H.

LIFE IN THE LIGHT.

“**H**OW very little is correctly known concerning us or our Community.” We take this remark from the letter of a gospel friend who is in another state on a mission of peace. Shall we not with equal propriety add,—How very little we do to extend this much needed correct knowledge of our order.

More than one hundred years have already passed since the revelation of the word of God was delegated to mortals by which our Christian order was called out from the elements of the world. Although the publications of the Society in the past, have been very limited, still the record has been sufficiently full to render us ample information in regard to the trials and perils through which our gospel pioneers passed in order to establish our religious home.

This has proved to be in the fullness of the term, a haven of rest for soul and body, to many thousands since that day. Indeed, one among the many great blessings is that of a good Christian home, surrounded by the necessary comforts of life and by the daily association of friends who have proved themselves faithful by the cross of Christ. As excellent as this may be it is a greater blessing, by far, to be able to publish the gospel of glad tidings and to verify the truth of our statement by a practical demonstration. If most of the information existing among the masses represents our order in an obscure or false light, then the information in many cases proves very injurious to our Society. Should we not study to modify or wholly change this order of things?

We may be ignorantly and maliciously represented. The effect of these representations upon society is often the same and the influence of the ignoramus or the vile traducer is magical. Our gospel fathers and mothers who have passed on before us were firm and fearless in their testimony against every phase of wrong doing, and yet when their enemies sought to injure them by slanderous reports, it was their custom to bear the stigma in silence. Perhaps it was the most judicious course they could have accepted. At any rate it was their way.

As the population of the country increases, so in proportion do silly and designing stories increase in the minds of men and women of corresponding conditions. The age of the Church has thrown into the world many disappointed, disaffected and may be unprincipled persons whose exaggerated reports are often heralded from city to city. All this needs a counteracting influence and an invitation for a closer inspection into the

principles which underlie the gospel work, and into the practical lives of those who form the order.

To-day we live in a land of publications. Thousands and thousands of printing presses are running day and night, while from ten to twenty thousand impressions of books, pamphlets or papers are thrown out upon the world in one hour. It is emphatically a printing and reading age. Every form of trade, every phase of professional life, and no less every order of religious organization must publish their programme if they wish to be known. Religious bodies, like dealers in merchandise must place before the world what they wish to have accepted, and this should be done from day to day so long as the world stands.

This needs an illustration of their forms and ceremonies and the order of the cross under which they live, whether it be of Adam, Moses, Jesus or Paul; and then in all kindness allow the children of this world the privilege of accepting or refusing. To neglect this is to neglect the education of the public mind in those truths which we think so essential to salvation. Those who neglect to make use of this privilege as time passes, may as well fold their arms and brace themselves securely in the corner, as to think of either progress or prosperity.

Spurious representations of the cross of Christ may be multiplied and the testimony of eternal life most shamefully adulterated by ambitious and worldly-loving churches. There may be instances where those who know the truth will prefer from sinister motives to speak that which is false, and yet all this does not prove that every person must become unprincipled, or a teacher of error.

Indeed it does not. As there ever has been, so we trust there ever may be witnesses for the truth who will fearlessly testify against the sins of the world. If we are in any wise commissioned to this work, does it not follow that our prosperity will be commensurate with our religious interest. The religious and social life of the Shakers should be better known. The rules and regulations which govern their families from day to day; the care which they exercise over each other, and that which is proffered to the children they receive into the Society, and above all, the discipline of the cross of Christ which is the light of life to the order, should be sown broadcast in the world. No rules should be adopted nor any practice admitted of which the Community need be ashamed.

As individuals and as Societies we may do wrong; may fail of reaching that standard of excellence or spiritual growth which becomes the true disciples of Christ, and yet we may and indeed should be willing to

be the subjects for a just criticism. Saint Paul said of his brethren, that they even gloried in some things of which honorable men among the Gentiles would be ashamed, and as strange as it may seem the Corinthians as yet, are not all dead.

The Christian work is directly and emphatically an individual work. However much men may assist each other by associations in their multiplied business or domestic arrangements, when it comes to the consecrated life of a Christian it must be that of an individual, even to the forsaking of his own life. In this we should be clearly known through our publications; through the influence of those who have seen and heard the testimony, and through the manifestation of the spirit of God in the moulding of our lives as vessels of honor unto Him.

H. C. Blinn.

DAY LILIES.

By Cora Vinneo.

BORN for a day! and yet so sweet and fair
 That day seems brighter just to see thee bloom,
 And night seems holy just to be thy tomb.
 God said "exist," and from the virgin air
 He spun for thee a robe, with matchless care,
 And in the under darkness and the gloom
 He struck the wells supplied with rich perfume,
 And filled thy incense cup with nectar rare.
 Born for a day! and yet the thoughts that come
 Stay with us when thy snowy forms are gone,
 And find a voice when day's harsh voice is dumb.
 But when the golden sun announces dawn,
 We look to see thy lovely sisters greet
 The new-born day with forms and perfume sweet.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

We are all prone to keep the level of those we live with, to repeat their words, and dress our minds, and often our bodies, after their fashion, and hence the spiritless lameness of our character. Our greatest danger is not from the gross, the vulgar, or the licentious, but from the common class of humanity who claim to live a moral life. The mind grows by what it feeds upon, therefore a mental scavenger is, like the scavengers of the earth, low in aspiration, and led and governed by the lower passions.

THE MANIFESTO.

OCTOBER, 1896.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

One copy one year, postage paid. .50

THE MUGGLETONIANS.

By Louis Basting.

WHEN Henry VIII became King of England in 1509 the Catholic church was in complete and almost unquestioned possession of the ecclesiastical establishment. He was himself a devoted member, going so far as to write a book in opposition to some of Luther's doctrines, for which performance the Pope bestowed upon him the title of Defender of the Faith. But later on, dissensions of a personal and a political nature arose between him and Rome, and because he could not have his way in matters and things, he broke with the ancient church. The process of breaking up the old establishment extended over a long period of years, and successful as he was in that enterprise, accomplished almost wholly by brutal force, he failed of supplanting it with a generally accepted system. If he, the former devoted catholic, could deny time-honored doctrines and pronounce new articles of belief, many of his subjects claimed the same right for themselves; if he almost extirpated the catholic form of religion

out of England, he and his successors found it impossible to prevent the discussion and debate of points of theology, and the formation of societies based thereupon. Theology and religion was the common topic of controversy everywhere. The great mass of pointed matter related to arguments and disputations of that nature. Very little was there in it of love and duty, of charity and true religion; it was a stormy period of political, social and religious upheaval.

It was not at all strange that at that time, when the old landmarks had been swept away, men of much egotism and strong will should make claims for themselves that only wild fanaticism could make and childish credulity would accept. During Oliver Cromwell's rule there were men who claimed to be divinely inspired prophets; who assumed to bless and to curse, to judge and to condemn at will, and asserted that their decisions would stand forever; but they were divided amongst themselves as to who should be the greatest.

One Robert Tannye announced himself to be the Lord's High Priest, called to gather the Jews together out of all nations. He also claimed to be able to materialize spirits, saying he often had eight or ten of them at his house, Jeremiah the prophet among them. His pretensions were resisted by Ludovco Muggleton, who gave him thirty days to repent in, at the expiration of which he wrote a sentence of eternal damnation against him as a false prophet. This Tannye and his followers had built a small vessel in which they started for Jerusalem, but as they were all lost at sea it was considered to be a fulfillment of Muggleton's curse, whose fame was therefore much increased.

Then there was John Robbins who posed as the Almighty himself, and was worshipped as such by his followers. Him, Cromwell had imprisoned for blasphemy and Muggleton went to the Bridewell, called him to the window and pronounced a sentence upon him of which the following is a part: "Many have been thy

crimes, John Robbins; many hast thou deceived and ruined in a multitude of ways; thou gavest them leave to abstain by degrees from all kinds of food; thou didst feed them on windy things, as apples, and other fruit that was windy, and they drank nothing but water; therefore look, what measure thou hast measured unto others we will measure again to thee." Robbins was utterly mastered; he said: "It is finished; the Lord's will be done." He wrote a letter of recantation, was released from prison, and disappeared from public notice.

Muggleton and his party were triumphant over the lesser prophets, and they published a book, *A Transcendent Spiritual Treatise*. He formed no regular congregation; indeed he spoke slightly of public worship, prayer and praise; he thought it might do for the little men, he had no use for it. He continued to work at the tailor's trade, but was ever ready to meet inquirers, and if he could not subdue them by agreement he would curse them. One Penson engaged in disputation with him, with the result that Muggleton "did pronounce this Penson cursed to all Eternity." The latter, not liking to be treated in this manner "arose and smote the prophet upon his head with both his fists. But it came to pass that this Penson was taken sick immediately after and died within a week, much troubled and tormented in his mind. Then began the children in the streets to cry after Muggleton: "There goes the prophet that d*** people." A motley crowd gathered around him, monomaniacs, astrologers, pranterers, scoffers, atheists; all talking, preaching, haranguing, about religion, visions and revelations.

The chief article of the Muggletonian theology was that: "God hath a body of his own, as man hath a body of his own; only God's body is spiritual and heavenly, clear as crystal, brighter than the sun, swifter than thought, yet a body." It was also held that the Trinity was composed of God, man and the devil. This brought about a collision with the Quak-

ers, whose conception of the Deity was pantheistic. Fox and five of his ministers held a public discussion in London with Muggleton and his assistant prophet Reeves; it ended in the usual way, Fox and his company were consigned to eternal perdition. Some time afterward the same fate was denounced against a Quaker named Josiah Coles, who was soon removed by death. This aroused the wrath of young William Penn who thundered out defiance. "Boast not," he says, "thou enemy of God, thou son of perdition, and confederate with the unclean croaking spirits reserved under chains to eternal darkness. I boldly challenge thee with thy six-foot God and all the host of Luciferian spirits, with all your commissions, curses and sentences, to touch and hurt me. And this know, O Muggleton, on you I trample, and to the bottomless pit are you sentenced, from whence you came, and where the endless worm shall gnaw and torture your imaginary soul." Surely, in violence of denunciation the Quakers had nothing to learn from Muggleton, who of course hastened to retaliate to the best of his ability; but it is evident that the former were much worried by the doings of the latter, and many of their publications of that period are directed against him. The prophets were arrested, fined, imprisoned and pilloried quite a number of times. Once when on trial before the Lord Mayor he was told by Muggleton to hold his peace and be silent as became a d * * * man in the presence of the Lord's prophets. It is stated that the mayor obeyed and said nothing more.

Muggleton is described to have been a man of much natural shrewdness, but without sentiment or sympathy, without nerves, staid, stern, fearless, insensible to pain. He worked as a taylor till late in life, and derived a competence from the sale of his books. He never preached, never tried to make converts, never spoke except when spoken to; but when applied to as an oracle then he answered as a god. He was certain that he knew; he knew he

was the light. Pleasure! He did not know the meaning of the word. Riches? He had no use for them. Content to pass his days in stubborn rapture he has left it on record that he did not so much mind to be saved as he did to escape being damned. He thought that if he could but lie still in the earth it would be as well with him as if he were in eternal happiness; nor did he care whether he was happy so he was not miserable, whether he went to heaven so he did not go to hell. He died at an old age, and his funeral was attended by two hundred and fifty of his followers. His last words were: "Now hath God sent death unto me."

The sect still exists; their latest work, *Divine Songs of the Muggletonians*, is a book of six hundred and twenty-one pages.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

August.

	<i>Thermometer.</i>	<i>Rain.</i>
1895.	68.36	3.875 in.
1896.	68.58	4.375 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	92	above 0
Lowest	" "	44 "
Number of rainy days	" "	8
" " clear	" "	15
" " cloudy	" "	8

C. G. Reed.

North Family.

Sept. 1896.

ELDER HENRY:—The rolls of MANIFESTOS, "Brief Exposition," and kind letter in which was the generous offer of a hundred more, were all duly received.

Many thanks for the same. We think with you, the pamphlet excellent for general circulation and shall be very glad to have our missionary fund renewed by such a valuable addition.

Have just made up a package of more than a hundred tracts to send to our absent Sister Ada Brown, who has already distributed many among interested friends to whom a more correct and fuller knowledge concerning Believers seems like an unexpected revelation. They censure us as a body of people for not making ourselves better known. We are in receipt of many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country and occasionally from England and Scotland. All of these are answered in part by printed matter which is sent through nearly every mail, in addition to that which visiting friends take with them. Some MANIFESTOS are always in the packages, but when asked to subscribe the usual answer is; "We have already more papers than we can read, what we want is not more reading matter, but an epitome of your rules, customs and general principles." Aside from callers, our visitors' rooms have been occupied most of the summer. We have with us now a Dane, a teacher in a western college, a writer, lecturer and really deep thinker. He says that his intellect is convinced but his heart not sufficiently convicted for him to leave the work in which he is engaged, to become one of our number. He believes he is receiving light which will make his life more useful to others and more acceptable to God.

With many thanks for your kind and helpful remembrance of us and with true appreciation of your labors for our precious cause, I remain your gospel Sister.

Catherine Allen.

Shakers, N. Y.

North Family.

Sept. 1896.

WE render thanks to the writer, for the inspiring words of, "When to speak and when to keep silent" in Sept. MANIFESTO. Such gifts ministered to the soul causes it to feel that life is more than the mere seeking for wealth and social position. Above all of those sordid influences that

appear to dominate human life there are gifts that minister to the spiritual desires and cause the soul to strive for that passport which will give admittance to that temple where "nothing that defileth or maketh a lie" can enter.

We have received leaflets from our Brother Arthur W. Dowe, 948 Mission St. San Francisco, Cal., dealing with the much discussed and long expected "Day of Judgment." The subject is well handled and an intelligent view taken of that important event. They are in a form suitable to circulate in missionary work and all who desire can by application receive them.

While reviewing the past season with its hopes and labors, our anticipations in some respects have not been realized; but nevertheless we have many things for which we can render thanksgiving.

To those who are lovers of that tropical fruit water melons, we would ask them to try Cole's Early. Of all the varieties that we have tested this has proved the most satisfactory in quality and early growth.

The 5th of August we had ripe fruit. We waited very patiently with the hope that the Editor would call around and share with us, but we will be ready when the time comes. Hope we will not be disappointed.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Enfield, N. H.

Sept. 1896.

LITERATURE, divested of vulgarity and moral insipidity, is one of the potent factors that inspire mortals to right living. Well may we be led to reflect that human beings are much like novels, being lined with elevating or degrading influences. But should the dots of evil and dashes of greed be left uncorrected? How valuable to society are those "living epistles of righteousness," whose examples intelligently show why virtue pays.

Whose life chapters shine with a godly light; Teaching lessons of truth o'er might; Lessons which tell of the Infinite plan, Heaven, not gained by faith in man;

But from the force of spiritual strife, Is found the bliss of Heaven's life.

On the evening of August 24th we were entertained by our friend Hon. Thomas Savage of Maplewood, First Lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. of Mass. He gave an interesting recital of his trip to England with his fellow company.

During the past two months, parties of two and four have been making occasional berry excursions; the results of which have been the securing of twelve bushels of blueberries and about eighteen bushels of blackberries.

Twenty barrels of pickles and one ton of beet seed have been prepared for market.

Artist Autumn has commenced his grand work of tinting the foliage which helps to make our locality, "Beautiful indeed for habitation."

George H. Baxter.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Sept. 1896.

MONTHS have come and gone since the readers of THE MANIFESTO have heard from us; but do not think we have forgotten the magazine by any means. We welcome its arrival every month and it is more interesting each time.

Our flowers have been a source of pleasure and profit this summer. Such lovely sweet peas and asters as have bloomed continually, and even now the vines are full of the beautiful blossoms; and what is better the Poland Spring House is full of guests who admire and purchase our flowers as often as we have time to carry them to the Hotel. This has been a great blessing to us and as a people we are greatly favored. Our fancy work has also found a ready sale.

Two very pleasant Sisters from Shirley, Mass., Eldress Lucy Mitchell and Sr. Mary Ann Whiteley are with us on a short visit. We enjoy their company and find the sterling worth that marks the genuine Shaker everywhere. These, Father James

said, "would shine brighter than the stars in the firmament when called into eternity."

We are having an abundance of apples and the evenings at present are occupied by the Brethren and Sisters in cutting the apples and drying them. Plenty of fruit and vegetables but a scarcity of hay, therefore the stock will have to be lessened before cold weather.

Ada S. Cummings.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

Sept. 1896.

As we look upon the mountains surrounding our house and note the change of color in the foliage of trees and shrubs, listen to the moaning of the wind, we are reminded that summer will not always last and our thoughts find expression in the poem of Bryant, when he says, "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

Harvest time brings to us its usual round of duties and learning from nature the prudence of storing for necessity, we wisely conclude to be unlike the cricket of whom the school children tell us, who foolishly danced away the summer hours, finding when winter came nothing but an empty store.

The crop of hay was secured about the middle of August. After this work was commenced in removing the old palisade, which lay a little south of the Office. Nearly two thousand yards of rock and earth have been taken from this section to a much more desirable place. The ledge of rock was broken by blasting powder and dynamite and then taken to protect the high embankment at our grain and cattle barn. This makes a good drainage west of the Office, south, through this section.

We have often heard of "removing mountains," and this has been accomplished, if by a slower method. Where formerly only a peek from the Office sitting room window only found a mound of earth, now may be seen a broad land-

scape view extending from the large expanse of meadow land to the railroad and Richmond Lake, a mile and a half in the distance.

Fidella Estabrook.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

South Family.

Sept. 1896.

By kind invitation of the Church some of our members spent four days last week gathering cranberries in company with them. All report a great harvest, so we judge from the beautiful clusters brought home as trophies of their work on the mountain.

Sunday August 30th Sister Sarah A. Collins and the writer spent at Ocean Grove, a most beautiful and inviting summer resort where are held each day during the summer months revival meetings. Thousands of Gospel workers come here to hold divine communion by the ocean.

We attended the Methodist Love Feast in the morning at the Ocean Grove Auditorium. Twelve thousand persons were present to listen to Bishop Mallalieu and Rev. E. H. Stokes earnest and eloquent sermon. The Bishop said, "we will not have the usual passing of bread and wine but we will have something more soulfully profitable; let the whole congregation shake hands one with another and encourage each other to more faithfulness in the service of our Lord." This was followed by the singing of "Beulah Land" the mammoth assembly waving their handkerchiefs in harmony with the grand and heavenly tune. The scene was strikingly impressive.

We were present at the "Salvation Army" or "American Volunteers" meeting held at Asbury Park in the afternoon; Patti Watkins a leader in the army and known as the "Nightingale singer" and a devoted worker in the cause of humanity said to the large audience while the collection was being taken up, "I have never called for a selfish offering; those who give must give freely as giving unto the Lord. Though some of my friends

pronounce me a beggar I have never begged for selfish purposes and some say when I die it will be said, "and behold it came to pass the beggar died," but remember "the angels carried her away."

Genevieve DeGraw.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Sept. 1896.

The breath of the Lord has again touched the forests of New England and they are being arrayed in "new robes of beauty." The song birds have all flown to their southern home for the winter, and we sorrow for their departure.

The frost line has reached central New Hampshire, and many of the fruits and flowers tell the sad story.

The apple crop, although not abundant is much better than last year.

The building of another silo, to contain some seventy-five tons speaks favorably of that form of securing food for the stock, during the winter months. Beautiful fields of corn are now being cut down, with a machine, drawn by two or three horses, and taken to the barns to be passed through the "ensilage cutter" before entering the silo. Portions of these beautiful fields of corn had reached the height of fifteen feet, and the ears of corn were higher than the ordinary man could reach.

The fairs in the several towns, have been visited by some of our Sisters, with their fancy work, and the sales have been quite satisfactory. Many blessings still rest upon us.

Henry C. Blinn.

Sanitary.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION.

It would seem to any one of common mental caliber, that at the advanced stage of scientific research and investigation that all true scientists and physiologists should have ere this arrived at a perfect agreement and understanding regarding this most important function of human economy. Yet it seems the more investi-

gation and experiment is pushed, the more diversified their opinions and beliefs become regarding the physiological function of digestion. Nevertheless, however diversified their opinion may be regarding other phases of this function, all practically agree as to the important part the teeth have to perform in triturating and properly masticating the food before deglutition conducts it to the stomach for digestion. Most authors and writers holding that the thorough salivation of nutriment should be had to insure rapid digestion and assimilation. While others equally learned and able in scientific research, holding the antipode of opinion, farther that the greater quantity of fluids taken to rinse down the food the more favorable for rapid digestion and assimilation. Just here the "old saw" comes to one's relief. "When Doctors disagree who shall decide?" I aver that each individual must in this case be the umpire for self, aided by research, experiment and practical experience (one of the best of teachers), though oftentimes at fearful cost! There can be no general or set rule, for all are not constituted alike, as to temperament, constitutional tendency and physical capacity, hence the failure of any such general rule nine cases out of ten.

I admit to being a specialist in dental practice for the past thirty-five years. Many and varied have been the cases I have had under hand for diagnosis and treatment; necessarily, hence I can speak advisedly on the paramount importance of properly treating and caring for the human teeth. Without good teeth there can not be thorough mastication. Without thorough mastication there can not be good digestion. Without perfect digestion there can not be proper assimilation.

Without proper assimilation there can not be nutrition. Without nutrition there can not be health. Without health, what is life? Hence the importance of good teeth.—*R. N. Hudson, D. D. S.*

SELF-CENTERED thought and will are detrimental to soul expansion.—*M. J. A.*

FRUITS of different kinds have been used from time immemorial as a desert, but might be better used as a principal dish, and this would do away with many of the condiments. It would be slow progress to learn to relish apples or strawberries or peaches when well besprinkled with mustard or cayenne or showered with salt.

I am a firm believer in personal idiosyncracies and individuality. Variety as well as diversity seems to be the order of creation, hence "every one is a law unto himself" and must conform to his environments and climatic efforts as well as personal characteristics to obtain the most advantageous and best results.

AN ACROSTIC.

By Watson Andrews.

ELDER NAPOLEON BROWN; what are all kings
Lords, dukes, ladies, nay, all earthly things:
Dynasties and powers, compared with one
Enjoying God's high favor to his Son?
Robed in the panoply of righteousness,

Needing no motive but to love and bless.
All in their proper lot and proper sphere,
Prince, priest, nor potentate can claim him
Only the "pure in heart" thus see God, [peer
Love Him alike in nature and his word;
Even in all things see God manifest—
Observes his blessing as he hears him blest.
None but one "born again" thus sees or hears;

Born out of self; born out of sordid cares;
Relieved alike from sin and passion's thrall;
Onward and upward still his royal call.
What guards of time his interest can claim?
None, surely none; nor wealth nor place nor fame.

Union Village, O.

GOOD TEMPER.

THERE, s not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth.
Or thousands gained a year.
It lends the day a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars can yield.

It maketh Poverty content,
To Sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift, from heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born—
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the brow from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay,
Spread gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis sweet as summer dew
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love is true
As ever man possessed.

What may this wondrous sprit be,
With power unheard of before—
This charm, this bright amenity?
Good 'Temper—nothing more!
Good Temper—'tis the choicest gift,
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.
Chatterbox.

THE dying words of Albert the Good, the husband of Queen Victoria, were "Thank you," for a cup of water he received from his nurse.

THAT great friend of humanity Annie Besant always says please or thank you to her hired help when requiring or receiving service.—*A. E. Lomas.*

A CULTURED mind is like a cultivated garden,—the result of fine taste, rare skill and careful training.

Deaths.

William Dunn, at Watervliet, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1896. Age 74 years.

He was born in Lester, England, in 1822. United with the Society at North Union, Ohio, in 1875. He moved to Watervliet, Ohio, in 1889. A faithful, worthy member for twenty-one years. *J. O. T.*

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